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VOLUME L.

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1904.

NUMBER 19

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School Examiners' Meetings

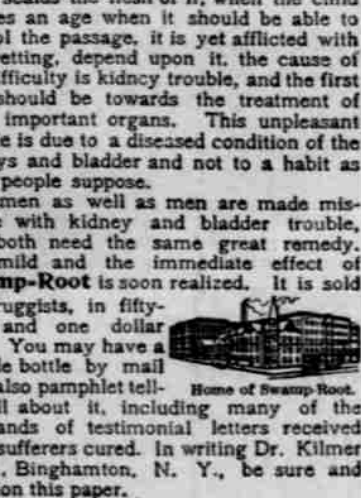
The Logan County Board of School Examiners will hold meetings for the examination of teachers on the first Saturday of each month except January and July, in Educational Hall, Bellefontaine, O. morning session 9 to 12, afternoon 2 to 5. The O. T. R. C. work for the year will be held upon Monday, March 15, at 7 o'clock. How to Teach Reading and Hodge's Nature Study. Applicants for examination the higher branches are required to give one month's notice.
The county examinations of pupils under the Patterson Law will be held on the third Saturday of April and the second Saturday of May.
C. E. J. H. J. W. S. J. C. K. F. E. Clerk

Auctioneer

H. F. Runyon is having great success in selling real estate, and is prepared to answer all calls on short notice.
Addressed on application.
Bellefontaine, Ohio.
February 1, 1904. H. F. Runyon

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.
Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.
Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.
Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



Jefferson Tp. Primary.

The Republican voters of Jefferson township are hereby notified that there will be a Primary held at the Township house in Zanesfield, Saturday, March 5, from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m. to select 4 delegates and 4 alternates to county convention, Bellefontaine, Ohio, March 8, to select delegates to Congressional Convention. All persons desiring to be candidates will please leave their names with his own signature in post office not later than Friday 12 o'clock noon sharp.
J. B. ADAMS, Committeeman.

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August 15, 1896

America's Greatest Weekly.

THE

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The Toledo Blade is now installed in its new building, with a modern plant and equipment, and facilities equal to any publication between New York and Chicago. It is the only weekly newspaper edited expressly for every state and territory. The News of the World so arranged that busy people can more easily comprehend than by reading cumbersome columns of dailies. All current topics made plain in each issue by special editorial matter, written from inception down to date. The only paper published especially for people who do not read daily newspapers, and yet wish for plain facts. That this kind of a newspaper is popular, is proven by the fact that the Weekly Blade now has over 160,000 subscribers, and is circulated in all parts of the U. S. In addition to the news, the Blade publishes short and serial stories and many departments of matter suited to every member of the family. Only one dollar a year.
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THE BLADE,
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The REPUBLICAN and the Blade will be furnished for \$1.75 a year.
Aug. 15, 1896.

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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[CONTINUED.]

"There's no summer theater in Six Crossroads. There's not even a church. Why shouldn't they?" he asked gravely. "During the long and tedious evenings it cheers the poor Crossroadsers to see him, and he has the additional exercise of running all the way home." "Ah!" she cried indignantly. "They told me you always answered like this. You see, the Crossroadsers have proved so thoroughly hygienic for me. As a patriot I have sometimes felt extreme mortification that such bad marksmanship should exist in the country, but I console myself with the thought that their best shots are, unfortunately, in the penitentiary." "There are many left. Can't you understand that they will organize again and come in a body, as they did before you broke them up? And then, if they come on a night when they know you are wandering out of town?" "You have not had the advantage of an intimate study of the most exclusive people of the Crossroads, Miss Sherwood. There are about thirty gentlemen who remain in that neighborhood while their relatives sojourn under discipline. If you had the entire town, you would understand that these thirty could not gather themselves into a company and march the seven miles without physical debate in the ranks. They are not precisely amiable people, even among themselves. They would quarrel and shoot one another to pieces long before they got here."

"But they were in a company once." "Never for seven miles. Four miles was their radius. Five would see them all dead." She struck the bench again. "Oh, you laugh at me. You make a joke of my life and death and laugh at everything. Have five years of Plattville taught you to do that?" "I laugh only at taking the poor Crossroadsers too seriously. I don't laugh at your running into fire to help a fellow mortal."

"I knew there wasn't any risk. I knew he had to stop to load before he shot again." "He did shoot again. If I had known you before tonight, 'Is it he changed, and he spoke gravely. 'I am at your feet in the worship of your divine philanthropy. It's so much finer to risk your life for a stranger than for a friend.' 'That is a man's point of view, isn't it?' 'You risked yours for a man you had never seen before.' 'Oh, no. I saw you at the lecture. I heard you introduce the Hon. Mr. Hallows.' 'Then I don't understand your wishing to save me.' She smiled unwillingly and turned her gray eyes upon him with troubled sunniness, and under the sweetness of her gaze he set a watch upon his lips, though he knew it would not avail him long. He had drifted along respectably so far, he thought, but he had the sentimental longings of years, starved of expression, enmeshing in his heart. She continued to look at him wistfully, searchingly. Then her eyes traveled over his big frame, from his shoes (a patch of moonlight fell on them; they were dusty; he drew them under the bench with a shudder) to his broad shoulders (he shook the stoop out of them) to his head (he looked at them in contrast and broke into the most delicious laugh in the world. At this he knew the watch on his lips was worthless. It was a question of minutes till he should present himself to her eyes as a sentimental and susceptible imbecile. He knew it. He was in wild spirits.

"Could you realize that one of your dangers might be a shaking?" she cried. "Is your seriousness a lost art?" Her laughter ceased suddenly. "Ah, no! I understand. Tellers said the French laugh always in order not to weep. I haven't lived here five years. I should laugh, too, if I were you." "Look at the moon," he responded. "We Plattvillians own that with the best of metropolitans, and, for my part, I see more of it here. You do not appreciate me. We have fine landscapes in the heart of the city, and what other capital has advantages like that? Next winter the railway station is to have a new store for the waiting room. Heaven itself is one of our suburbs—it is so close that all one has to do is to die. You insist upon my being French, you see, and I know you are fond of nonsense. How did you happen to put 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' at the bottom of a page of Fisher's notes?" "Was it? How were you sure it was?"

"In Carlow county?" "He might have written it himself." "Fisher has never in his life read anything lighter than cucumber infusions." "Miss Briscoe?" "She doesn't read Lewis Carroll, and it was not her hand. What made you write it on Fisher's manuscript?" "He was here this afternoon. I found him a little about your heading in the Herald—Business and the Cradle, the Altar and the Grave, isn't it?—and he said it had always troubled him, but your predecessor had used it, and you thought it good. So do I. He asked me if I could think of anything that you might like better and put in place of it and I wrote 'The Time Has Come,' because it was the only thing I could think of that was as appropriate and as fetching as your headlines. He was perfectly dear about it. He was so serious. He said he feared it wouldn't be acceptable. I didn't notice that the paper he handed me to write on was part of his notes; nor did he, I think. Afterward he put it back in his pocket. It wasn't a message."

"I'm not so sure he did not notice. He is very wise. Do you know, I have the impression that the old fellow wanted me to meet you." "How dear and good of him?" She spoke earnestly, and her face was suffused with a warm light. There was no doubt about her meaning what she said. "It was," John answered unsteadily. "He knew how great was my need of a few minutes' companionship with—"

"No," she interrupted. "I meant dear and good to me. I think he was thinking of me. It was for my sake he wanted us to meet." "It might have been hard to convince a woman if she had overheard this speech that Miss Sherwood's humility was not the calculated affectation of a coquette. Sometimes a man's unsuspicion is wiser, and Harless knew that she was not flirting with him. In addition, he was not a fatuous man; he did not extend the implication of her words nearly so far as she would have had him. "But I had met you," said he, "long ago." "What?" she cried, and her eyes danced. "You actually remember?" "Yes. Do you?" he answered. "Yes. I do you?" he asked, and he heard her singing, and I remembered. It was a long time since I had heard you sing: 'I was a sufferer of Flanders And fought for a hero's hire. You were the dam of my captain And sang to my heart's desire.' "But that is the balladist's notion. The truth is that you were a lady at the court of Clovis, and I was a henchman. I heard you sing a Christian hymn and asked for baptism. She did not seem overpleased with his fancy, for, the surprise fading from her face, "Oh, that was the way you remembered," she said. "Perhaps it was not that way alone. You don't despise me for being awfully tonight?" he asked. "I haven't had the chance to tell you."

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"The night air wrapped them warmly, and the balm of the little breezes that stirred the foliage around them was the smell of daisies roses from the garden. The creek splashed over the pebbles at their feet, and a drowsy half-waking by the moon, crooned languorously in the sycamores. The girl looked out at the sparkling water through downcast lashes. 'Is it because that is so transient that beauty is pathetic?' she said, "because we can never come back to it in quite the same way? A sentiment, a memory, if you are born so it is never entirely teased out of you, is it? Besides, to night is all a dream. It isn't real, you know. You couldn't be awfully." Her tone was gentle as a caress, and it made him tingle to his finger tips. "How do you know?" he asked. "I just know. I do just think I'm very bold and forward?" she said dreamily.

"It was your song I wanted to be sentimental about. I am like one 'who through long days of toil—only that doesn't quite apply—and nights devoid of ease,' but I can't claim that one doesn't sleep well here; it is Plattville's specialty—like one who "Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies." "Yes," she answered, "to come here and to do what you have done and to live this isolated village life that must be so desperately dry and dull for a man of your sort, and yet to have the kind of heart that makes wonderful melodies sing in itself—oh," she cried, "I say that is fine!" "You do not understand," he returned sadly, wishing before her to be unmercifully just to himself. "I came here because I couldn't make a living anywhere else. And the 'wonderful melodies'—I have only known you one evening—and the melodies—" He rose to his feet and took a few steps toward the garden. "Come," he said, "let me take you back. Let us go before 11." He finished with a helpless laugh. She stood by the bench, one hand resting on it. She stood all in the tremulant shadow. She moved one step toward him, and a single long silver of light pierced the sycamores and fell upon her head. He gasped. "What was it about the melodies?" she said.

"Nothing. I don't know how to thank you for this evening that you have given me. I—I suppose you are leaving tomorrow. No one ever stays here. I—" "What about the melodies?" He gave it up. "The moon makes people think of things." "If that is true, then you need not be more afraid than I, because 'people' is plural. What were you saying about?" "I had heard them—in my heart. When I heard your voice tonight I knew that it was you who sang them there, had been singing them for me all my life."

"So?" she cried gently. "All that debate about a pretty speech?" Then, sinking before him in a courtesy, "I am beholden to you," she said. "Do you think no man ever made a little flattery for me before tonight?" "At the edge of the orchard, where they could keep an unseen watch on the garden and the bank of the creek, Judge Briscoe and Mr. Todd were ensconced under an apple tree, the former still armed with his shotgun. When the young people got up from their bench, the two men rose hastily, then sauntered slowly toward them. When they met, Harless shook each of them cordially by the hand without seeming to know it.

"We were coming to look for you," explained the Judge. "William was afraid to go home alone—thought some one might take him for Mr. Harless and shoot him before he got into town. Can you come out with Willets in the morning, Harless?" he went on, "and go with the young ladies to see the parade? And Minnie wants you to stay to dinner and go to the show with them in the afternoon." Harless seized his hand and shook it and then laughed heartily as he accepted the invitation.

At the gate Miss Sherwood extended her hand to him and said politely, while more she seemed from her eyes. "Good night, Mr. Harless. I won't leave tomorrow. I am very glad to have met you." "We are going to keep her all summer, if we can," said Minnie, weaving her arm about her friend's waist. "Good night, Miss Sherwood," he returned hilariously. "It has been such a pleasure to meet you. Thank you so much for saving my life. It was very good of you, indeed. Yes; in the morning, Good night, good night." He shook hands with all of them, including Mr. Todd, who was going with him. He laughed all the way home, and William walked at his side in amazement. The Herald building was a decrepit frame structure on Main street. It had once been a small warehouse and was now used in need of paint. Closely adjoining it, in a large, blank looking yard, stood a low brick cottage, over which the second story of the old warehouse leaned in an effect of tipsy affection that had reminded Harless, when he first saw it, of an old Sunday school book woodcut of an inebriated parent under convulsion of a devoted child. The title to these two buildings and the blank yard had been included in the purchase of the Herald, and the cottage was the editor's home.

There was a light landing upstairs in the Herald office. From the street a broad, tumble-down stairway ran up on the outside of the building to the second floor, and at the stairway railing John turned and shook his companion warmly by the hand. "Good night, William," he said. "It was plucky of you to join in that muss tonight. I shan't forget it." "Just happened to come along," replied the other awkwardly. Then, with a portentous yawn, he asked, "Ain't ye goin' to bed?" "No, I shan't allow it."

"Well," observed William, with another yawn, which threatened to expose the veritable soul of him, "I d'know how ye stand it. It's close on 11 o'clock. Good night." John went up the steps, slinging along. "For tonight we'll merry, merry be," and stopped on the sagging platform at the top of the stairs and gave the moon good night with a wave of the hand and friendly laughter. At the top of the stairs he found that it was twenty-nine years of age and that he had laughed a great deal that evening; laughed and laughed over things not in the least humorous, like an excited schoolboy making a first formal call; that he had shaken hands with Miss Sherwood, and that he had seen her in the trunk again, found a pink cravat, which he fastened about his tail collar (also a resurrection from the trunk) with a pearl pin. He took a long time to arrange his hair with a pair of brushes. When at last it suited him and his dressing was complete, he sailed forth to breakfast.

Xenophon started after him as he went out of the gate whistling heartily. The old dorky lifted his hands, palms outward. "Lan' name, who dat?" he exclaimed aloud. "Who dat in dem pants?" He went like a deer caught in the snare, lay upon his knees, and he got to his feet rhythmically, shaking his head with foreboding. "Honey, honey, bid bald luck sing 'fo' breakfast." Trouble 'fo' de day be done. Trouble, honey, great trouble. Bald luck, bald luck!"

Along the square the passing of the editor in his cool equipments was a progress, and wide were the eyes and deep the gasps of astonishment caused by his festive appearance. Mr. Tibbs and his sister rushed from the post-office to stare after him. "He looks just beautiful, Solomon," said Miss Tibbs. Harless usually ate his breakfast alone, as he was the latest riser in Plattville. There were days in the winter when he did not reach the hotel until 8 o'clock. This morning he found a bunch of white roses, still wet with dew and so fragrant that the whole room was fresh and sweet with their odor, prettily arranged in a bowl on the table, and at his plate the largest of all with a pin through them. He looked up smilingly and nodded at the red faced, red haired waitress who was waving a long fly brush over his head. "Thank you, Charmion," he said. "That's very pretty."

"That old Mr. Wimby was here," she answered, "and he left word for you to look out. The whole postoffice of Johnsons from the Crossroads passed his house this mornin', comin' this way, and he see Bob Skillet on the square when he got to town. He left them flowers. Mrs. Wimby sent 'em to ye, I didn't bring 'em."

"Thank you for arranging them." She turned even redder than she always was and answered nothing, vigorously darting her brush at an imaginary fly on the cloth. After several minutes she said abruptly, "You're welcome."

There was a silence, finally broken by a long, gasping sigh. Astonished, he looked at the girl. Her eyes were set unthinkingly upon his pink tie. The wand had dropped from her nerveless hand, and she stood rapt and immovable. She started violently from her trance. "Ain't ye goin' to finish yer coffee?" she asked, playing her instrument again, and bending slightly, whispered, "Say, Eph Watts is over there behind ye."

(To be continued.)

"Oh, my Lawd," said the colored man, "I pray you listen at dat!" "Soldiers marching up the street. They keep the time; Hear them play 'Die Wacht am Rhein.' They call it Schneider's band. Tra la la, la la."

The length of Main street and all sides of the square resounded with the rattle of vehicles of every kind. Since earliest dawn they had been pouring in to the village, a long procession, on every country road. The air was full of exhilaration; everybody was laughing and shouting and calling greetings, for Carlow county was turning out, and from far and near the country people came—nays, from over the county line, and clouds of dust arose from every thoroughfare and highway and swept into town to herald their coming.

Dibb Zane, the spry-looking contractor, had been at work with the town



"Honey, bid bald luck sing 'fo' breakfast!" water cart since the morning stars were bright, but he might as well have entered the streets with his tears, which, indeed, when the farmers began to come in, bringing their cypresses of dust, he drew high unto after a burst of profanity as futile as his lie.

"Tief wie das Meer soll deine Liebe sein," hummed the editor in the cottage. His song had taken on a reflective tone, as that of one who contemplates a problem, musically pondering which card to play. He was kneeling before an old trunk in his bedchamber. From one compartment he took a neatly folded pair of duck trousers and a light gray tweed coat, from another a straw hat with a ribbon of bright colors, and rummaging in these missing things. They had lain in the trunk for a long time undisturbed. He shook the coat and brushed it. Then he laid the garments upon his bed and proceeded to shave himself carefully, after which he donned the white trousers, the gray coat and rummaged in the trunk again, found a pink cravat, which he fastened about his tail collar (also a resurrection from the trunk) with a pearl pin. He took a long time to arrange his hair with a pair of brushes. When at last it suited him and his dressing was complete, he sailed forth to breakfast.

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(To be continued.)

Manufacturers Hounded

Out of Russia.

Mr. A. H. Ford, representing the Iron Age, examined the state of affairs in Russia for that journal and writing on the subject of "American Investors" in that country says: "When Japan eagerly offers every possible inducement to Americans to become investors in the island kingdom, Russia is engaged in hounding from her vast continent almost the last American enterprises she has so far allowed to remain and flourish."

The Russian plan as Mr. Ford recites it, is simple: "The manufacturer of locomotives, air-brakes, agricultural implements, or sewing machines (to mention a few actual examples), having built up a trade in Russia, is induced, by threats or cajolery, to erect a plant in Russia; then he is made to discharge his American workmen and hire Russian ones, and then his business is so taxed, hampered, and interfered with that the American finally sells out in disgust, and Russia has acquired a new industry at a low figure."

The American firms that are now having the screws put on them under this system are the Westinghouse Air Brake Co. and the Singer Sewing Machine Co. The latter's tribulations are told as follows: "Many years ago it was that the Singer Sewing Machine company began their invasion of Russia. Rapidly the useful American invention found its way to even the most remote parts of the empire. I have encountered it in far-off Siberia and Manchuria, and even have a photograph of a Central Asian tent-chief in which the wiles of an unruly chief stitch garments for their lord and master upon this ingenious Yankee machine. I have met Jewish traders who carried the American sewing machine by camel caravan far into Tibet, from whence returning native traders report sales even in the sacred city of Lhasa, where the feet of no white man have trod for nearly a century. Such success caused Russian officials to smile upon American enterprise and suggest a factory on Russian soil. Now such a suggestion in Russia carries with it the assurance that if not favorably acted upon import duties will be levied that will force the foreign manufacturer to terms. At present there is a magnificent Singer sewing machine factory at Moscow, and almost my view of the Russian capital included the one modern office building in all Russia that the company are erecting on the Nevsky Prospect. All this display of wealth, it is needless to say, has excited the cupidity of the czar's tax collectors, and, when it is also taken into consideration that American enterprise in Russia is spread largely responsible for the spread of revolutionary doctrines, it is not surprising that the reactionists now in power have organized a campaign of petty annoyances to either drive the American company out of Russia or force them to sell at a sacrifice, either directly to the paternalist government or to some purely Russian company."

The next move of the government was a threat to tax the company a thousand or more rubles for each agent, on the ground that, the stock of the company, being owned by foreigners, their agents were drummers for foreign goods, hence they were subjected to a heavy tax. Mr. Ford concludes his article by saying: "I found upon careful inquiry, that the experiences of this company are comparatively mild compared with treatment meted out to some other Yankee concerns attempting to conduct business in Russia."

Monroe Township

Republican Primary.

The Republican voters of Monroe township are hereby notified to meet at the Township House, Saturday afternoon, March 5, 1904, for the purpose of selecting four delegates and four alternates to attend the county convention to be held in Bellefontaine Tuesday, March 8, for the purpose of selecting delegates and alternates to the Congressional convention to be held in Findlay, Tuesday, April 19. Candidates will please hand or send their names to me on or before Friday, March 4. Polls open from 2 till 4 o'clock, sun time.
GEO. F. GREEN, Committeeman.

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WORDS OF TENDERNESS UTTERED BY GREAT MEN.

The Homage That Tom Hood Paid to the Partner of His Sorrows and Joys—Jean Paul Richter's Unstated Praise of Caroline Mayer.
Few great men have paid more enthusiastic tributes to their wives than Tom Hood, and probably few wives have better deserved such homage, says the Chicago Chronicle. "You will think," he wrote to her in one of his letters, "that I am more foolish than any boy lover, and I plead guilty, for never was a wooer so young of heart and so steeped in love as I, but it is a love sanctified and strengthened by long years of experience. May God ever bless my darling, the sweetest, most helpful, angel who ever stooped to bless a man." There